

HIGH SCHOOL
ANNUAL

1911





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Porter County Bank, Kouts, Indiana

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or O. P. KINSEY, Vice-President.

Kouts High School Annual



EDITED BY
CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED ELEVEN



Kouts High School Building

THE KOUTS HIGH SCHOOL.



HIS is the structure primeval, with beautiful maples surrounding,

Here from the dawning of autumn till welcome are scenes of the springtime,

Ever the children assemble to get the most noble instruction.

Kouts, the small City of Wonder, admires her magnificent structure,
Out at the edge of the village, remote from scenes and temptations.
Unique in its graces and merits, efficient to claim a commission,
That once presented, the students labor so hard to retain it,
Striving to rank with the honored, and reap the reward of their labor.

How adequate the institution, throughout its many departments!
In all its various phases the moral tone is a feature.
Grandeur, sublimity, knowledge of the ideal state of perfection,
Higher planes, are its idols, when picturing fields of the future.

Such is the structure primeval, for which we possess such affection.
Could we but influence others to know the true situation,
How, oft in the manifold comments, on the deeds of this institution,
Obscured are its graces and merits, in the shadow of public opinion,
Of the many prospects we wish you, may you receive due compensation,
Long may you dwell in prosperity, and, may your work ne'er be forgotten.

LEVI STIBBE. '11.



E. E. WRIGHT, B. S., Superintendent



BERTHA TOFTE, B. S.
Principal



HARRIET A. FELTON
Music and Drawing

Dedicated to
THE FACULTY

TO THE FACULTY.



'D LIKE to be like Miss Tofte,
As faithful and as true;
'To do my duty every day,
I'm going to try—aren't you?

I'd like to be like Prof. Wright,
As wise and thoughtful too;
To know what's right and what's wrong,
I'm going to try—aren't you?

I'd like to be like Miss Felton,
Who teaches us things new;
How to sing, to paint and draw,
I'm going to try—aren't you?

MARYTHA JONES.

SENIOR CLASS

CLASS FLOWER---Red Roses

CLASS COLORS---Red and White

CLASS MOTTO---"Reason Opens the Door to Wisdom"

CLASS OFFICERS

President	LEVI STIBBE
Vice-President	CHAS. HANDLEY
Secretary	EUNICE NICHOLS
Treasurer	LUCIE BIGGART

MEMBERS

Levi Stibbe	Marytha Jones
Charles Handley	Fannie Hannon
George Jones	Lucie Biggart
Arthur Anderson	Eunice Nichols
Otto Hofferth	Nora Denton
Grace Gay	

EX-MEMBERS

Byron Erwin	Irma Chael
Steve Biggart	Hattie Hofferth
Victor Arnold	Henrietta Trinkle
Albert Currey	Fern Currey
Anna Noland-Ryan	Ruth Miller

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.



FROM a dogmatically philanthropical viewpoint it becomes a necessary requisite that we should promulgate an exposition portraying facts insuring no intentional misunderstanding of this unostentatious remembrance. Prior to the present date in the chronological history of the human affairs of this institution no larger group of accomplished Seniors have stepped out into the great arena with the ordinarily accompanying talents and ambitions, yet by inherent virtues we consider ourselves in the most minute conception no more magnanimous or venerable, such as arises from arrogant superciliousness.

One desideratum (the Annual) with absiticious support, after ample deliberation received a unanimous approbation, for our united comprehension pronounced it neither sinisterous or ignominious. The rumor was vaticinated, however, that the incumbrance would prove too preponderant. This presumption or superinduction has proven erroneous and its prognosticator fallacious, for the proposition was encountered by exorbitant assiduity and too exuberantly propitious surroundings.

Any personage interested in the annals of the Class of '11, we presume recognizes the assumption which needs no demonstration, that an ignoramus or a prodigy exists not within its circle. However, some are quite phenomenal in their respective adaptations. Orators, whose ardency most equals the noted philippics of Demosthenes; Artists, whose productions compete with the beauty of Nature; Mathematicians, whose solutions and analyzations scarcely fail to attain perfection, and Musicians, whose marvelous selections excite the most intense emotions or captivate the hearers' most appreciative attention.

Yet these combined talents give their masters no jurisdiction over the conception and execution of any superior grammatical constructions. Therefore, O gracious reader! expect no grandiloquence in a perusal of the following items.

We, the class of 1911, retain the most high appreciation, and wish to express our hearty thanks for the well pronounced articles contributed by the representatives of each of the remaining three classes respectively, and we bestow upon their constituents our hopes for their pleasure later derived from their success in the publication of their Annuals.

We feel indebted to the business men who have so kindly been benefactors, and came to the rescue in the financial phase of the execution of this great desire and we hope our courage, uprightnessness and justice in the matter may have a just and lasting influence among men.

THE PRESIDENT.



ARTHUR ANDERSON, School Historian

When o'er the deeps of Geometry
Clouds are hanging dark,
Ascend the barge, "Stability,"
And through the gale embark.



LUCIE BIGGART, Treasurer

We can win the world's races
As we roam the world through,
If we copy the graces
That blossom in you.



NORA DENTON, Editorial Department

One of your disposition,
So tender, so kind,
With unlimited ambition,
Not many we'll find.



GRACE GAY, Editorial Department

At last it is dawning
Upon us, that you
Will some day be wearing
The Laurels, adieu!



FANNIE HANNON, Class Historian

When trials are a continuance,
And cares infest the day,
Your smiling countenance
Would light up the way.



CHARLES HANDLEY, Vice-President

Of all mathematicians,
That we ever knew,
Your strength is a Newton's!
So perfect, so true.



OTTO HOFFERT, Class Poet

Of orators phenomenal,
You rank among the few;
Your powers are exceptional;
Artistically drew.



MARYTHA JONES, Editorial Department

If through life we were gliding
With no troubles in view,
We all would be smiling,
Yes, happy as you.



GEORGE JONES, Class Prophet

We wish you much happiness
In all you pursue,
Ever joy and impassiveness
Be open to view



EUNICE NICHOLS, Secretary

When looking back on High School days,
And taking retrospections,
A knowledge of your model ways
Affords the best reflections.



LEVI STIBBE, President

Your vices true,
Your virtues, too,
In all, our admiration
May well be told,
When we unfold,
Each, our consideration.



CLASS HISTORY.



ON A SUNNY September morning of 1907 a number of shy boys and girls gathered before the Kouts High School. We were conspicuous for our timidity and our earnestness of purpose with which we faced the future. Some of us had worked together the previous year, but the majority were strangers to each other and to Professor Wright, who began his career in Kouts with the Freshmen of '07.

In the process of getting acquainted I am afraid we lost the greater share of our timidity, and our earnestness of purpose was not always kept in mind. At the end of the year the class was not so large, but the faithful eleven were all there—minus a few credits.

In 1908 we came in and took our places like people who “knew the ropes” and had been “behind the scenes.” The condescension with which we treated the Freshmen was something magnificent. Miss Leach had been replaced by Miss Atkins, but Prof. E. E. still continued to instill Mathematical and Historical knowledge into our fertile (?) brains. The second year of our High School course was one of the pleasantest we have had. The long talks in Mrs. McClure’s English classes we still consider a rare treat and the declamations and orations which we were trained to give will surely reflect glory upon her career as a teacher as long as the fame of the K. H. S. endures. They were a source of great pleasure and mutual admiration for us even though we did sometimes stir up unusual commotion in the basement where we met as orators on common ground, and professor was more than once occasioned to descend to the above mentioned regions and silence the disturbing elements whose enthusiasm knew no bounds and whose eloquence sometimes penetrated even the remotest corners of the class rooms above. It was during this year that one member of the class won renown for himself and the K. H. S. by his work in the Oratorical Contest. There was a break in the class the second year—one of our brilliant members leaving us to attend the Frances Shimer Academy, but we are glad to have her with us at “the finish.”

The third year found us all working hard, our work in Commercial Arithmetic and German being a **great** pleasure to us. We take great satisfaction in remembrance of the night when we covered ourselves with glory and reflected honor upon the K. H. S. by the all-star performance of “Sarah’s Young Man” to a crowded house of enthusiastic Kouts citizens.

Our fourth year has been remarkable mostly for its Solid Geometry, which has been a source of terror to all the **normal** members of the class. But with Miss Tofte and Professor at the helm to guide and steer we managed to row together in harmony, and after a long pull and a hard pull, and a pull all together, we have reached the climax of our High School career.

FANNIE HANNON, '11.



LIVING IN DEEDS. (Class Poem.)



'R trumpet sounds no ill retreat,
Nor leaves us vantageless to
stand;
The vanquished ills we hourly
meet,
Leave firm our feet with sword in hand.

We choose the path we might pursue,
An illusion of a beautiful dream;
A deed that's true we all can do,
If apparition dull may seem.

When shall we reap the longed for seed
That sprouts in manhood's rugged way?
From man's first want to his last need,
It faithfully 'waits his long delay.

By slow degrees we steadily rise,
While history is a lengthened rhyme;
In lowliness we'll be more wise,
And live the life that is sublime.

We all may look to sun and plain
With fearful odds against us cast,
As if we ne'er might see again
These visions in our feeble past.

If fate shall solve its prophecy,
The riddle is already read;
But life is no plutocracy,
It's not in vain by prophet bred.

No anguish is a thought of ours,
We only live in constant fear;
No other source can give more pow'rs
For precious deeds to reappear.

Our fortunes all will various be,
And destiny alone can tell
How wish becomes a prophecy
Of vanquished ills that leave us well.

To principle we'll always stick,
Regardless of confronting ways;
The purest gems we'll always pick,
To hold in Glory's mighty rays.

There's nothing great so lightly won,
But when we win it pays the cost;
A good deed's always nobly done,
Therefore what's won is never lost.

Many a man with busy brain,
The heir of all dexterity,
Must brave the sea when serious drain
Comes forth in seeming rarity.

There's no one here with judgment pure,
To draw from life without array,
The very best that lacks the lure
Of high ambitions of the day.

Now to ill luck we cannot yield,
Nor can we from all treasures hide;
If failure dawns upon the field,
We can but try and change the tide.

If ours is knowledge of the laws,
We'll cast no eyes on prospects drear
From which no human wisdom draws,
But always waits 'till they are near.

To live without the constant love,
Will wisdom be to grieve;
And to consider self above,
May be the hope that will deceive.

Not few there are on earth like this,
That seek so long but all in vain,
The gems they've passed of greatest bliss,
In daily, busy, strife for gain.

May each sad face loom up and cheer!
Speak not alone of days gone by,
But greet us with a tale that's dear,
And of the morrow's lacking sigh.

Then let us all hold on to youth,
And gather flowers while we may;
The time is fleeting, grasp the truth,
For we're not coming back this way.

OTTO A. HOFFERTH, '11.





PROPHECY OF CLASS OF '11.



AFTER having completed my course at the K. H. S. I found myself in possession of such a fund of practical knowledge and general information, which, together with the ambitions that my worthy teachers had instilled in me, tended to make me a very capable person in the business world, which I entered. In fact I became a veritable get-rich-quick man, and at the age of forty-five I found myself in that class of men who make successful speculations on Wall Street and then retire from business; not caring to delve further in risky speculations there, but who resolve to spend the remainder of their days globe trotting, spending their money in the way in which they expect to receive most enjoyment.

First I resolved to become thoroughly acquainted with New York City, which hitherto I had seen only from the viewpoint of a busy speculator in stocks and bonds.

After having clothed myself in a manner fitting my station, having dined at the Waldorf, and feeling altogether satisfied with myself and

the world, I strolled down Fifth avenue. It was a beautiful afternoon—crowds of well-dressed people thronged the fashionable quarters of the down-town districts. I carefully scanned each face as I passed, hoping to meet among those hundreds, some familiar countenance, when finally my scrutiny was satisfied, and in the figure of one of the gentlemen coming toward me I recognized an old schoolfellow, one of the class of '11.

He was dressed in the height of fashion, wore a monocle, was dangling in one hand a gold-headed walking stick and in the other carried a bouquet; to his right wrist was fastened a silver chain at the other end of which trotted a white curly dog. I stared at him in open-mouthed admiration, but lacked the courage to attract his attention to such an insignificant creature as I suddenly realized myself to be.

Thus, Arthur Anderson, my one-time pal and classmate, passed on and was lost in the crowd. I stood for a few minutes looking after him as he greeted and was greeted by all the fair representatives of New York's most exclusive circle, and in my deep reflections on the sad changes wrought by time I was rudely brought to the realization of where I was by the pressure of the throng about me. I wondered where next to turn my steps, and decided that some light amusement would suit me best.

Following this inclination, I strolled into one of New York's most fashionable theatres. The programme for the afternoon was the usual mixed bill to be found in nearly all vauville houses—there were the usual "funny" men—the aerobats—the French Prof. and his dogs, etc. They were all given their proper share of applause, but the audience seemed to wait impatiently for the last number on the programme. I glanced at the printed slip handed me by the usher on my entrance, but the name "Marytheacon Joyneanse" meant nothing to me. When it came time for this number the crowded theatre was lushed in an expectant silence, which burst into loud applause as a little blonde fairy made her appearance on the stage. She was the most active, most skillful dancer it had ever been my lot to see. With airy grace she captivated her audience and kept them spellbound by her fairy-like movements about the stage. I gazed and gazed at her, trying to account to myself for feeling so familiar toward this little dancer, who must surely be a stranger to me. But after closely studying her features I recognized in this little blonde my sister, Marytha, who graduated with me from the K. H. S. in the class of '11. During my busy career on the Stock Exchange I had almost completely severed home ties, which accounted for my ignorance of my sister's whereabouts. After the performance had closed I tried to speak to her, but found it impossible to

do so, so left the theatre, determined to write home at my first leisure and once more get in touch with affairs in my native town.

I slowly made my way back to my apartments which I had recently taken in one of the smart hotels, stopping to look into shop windows and to admire the display, and reflect—as had become a fixed habit with me—on the amount of money spent annually in New York City for clothes. Deep in thought I walked from the show window of a large establishment to the entrance and thence into the building without realizing that I had done so. Suddenly looking up I saw slowly gliding back and forth before a large mirror a tall, dignified, auburn-haired lady dressed in black velvet. Evidently her aim in life was to show off to the customers the great advantage of wearing black velvet, and she took immense satisfaction in the three-yard train which gracefully swept over the floor behind her as she walked along. Looking closely at her I recognized Fannie Hannon, another of the class of '11. Upon recognizing her I started forward not knowing that it was against the rules of the establishment to speak to the models, but a busy floor-walker soon informed me of my mistake and I once more found myself on the crowded street, wondering about the coincidences of the day.

Having seen my sister made me resolve to leave the East and travel toward my old home, accordingly I planned on a route that would take me to several of our important cities that I had long wanted to see.

Hence, a few days later I found myself traversing the streets of Boston. Upon consulting my traveling guide I found among the points of interest mentioned, several schools famed for their splendid system and results. This brought to my mind my own school days, and I resolved to visit at least one of the institutions mentioned, before leaving Boston. So the following day I entered one which had received particular praise. Stepping into one of the rooms where were seated thirty children ranging in age from ten to twelve years, I became deeply interested in the work and upon hearing the pupils address their teacher as Miss Nichols, I went forward in the room, half expecting to meet an old friend, for my experiences in New York had taught me not to be surprised at unexpected meeting, and sure enough the dignified, bespectacled instructor before me was none other than Eunice. She informed me that after graduating with the class of '11, she had completed a course at our State Normal, began teaching in the country schools of Indiana and had gradually moved eastward until taking up her present position in this Boston school.

In the course of our conversation she happened to mention Professor Handley. Upon inquiring if it were possible she could mean our old classmate "Chas." she informed me that it was indeed he. It seems he taught in the same building with herself—was professor of mathe-

matics, had published an Algebra and Geometry, so had the great pleasure of teaching his own text-books. He was at that time working on a treatise on Trigonometry which he hoped to publish soon. Fearing that I, who had done nothing but hoard money, was unworthy to address this man who had put his time to such good use, I left Boston without acquainting Professor Handley of my presence there.

Within a short time I arrived in Chicago which I had last visited on a flying business trip. Feeling travel-stained and in need of attention as to my personal appearance I entered a tonsorial parlor. After the "knight of the razor" had done his work I seated myself at a small table to have my hands attended. A lady who appeared not more than twenty-eight years of age, wearing an immense amount of jewelry and indulging in the pleasant exercise of chewing gum, presided at this table. She was very skillful at her work, and I could scarcely conceal my admiration for her deft movements. In a chance glance which happened to light upon the numerous pins, locket, etc., which the lady wore, I happened to notice an inconspicuous little silver pin bearing the inscription "K. H. S. '11." I scanned her face more closely trying to place this youthful looking person in the members of that class who must now be matrons or spinsters of questionable age. My sister's youthful appearance I had easily ascribed to the trick of her profession, but the lady before me was a puzzle. I detected that she was also trying to scrutinize my features. Almost simultaneously we recognized each other. Lucie Biggart was now a "beauty doctor"; had been for years and her youthful appearance and beauty was due to her own arts. Of course our conversation turned to the old days at the K. H. S. and we exchanged bits of news concerning our class. I told her of having seen Arthur, Charles, Fannie, Martha and Eunice in the East and Lucie informed me that Otto Hofferth, our orator of whom we were so proud, was one of the most famous lawyers in the middle-west; had graduated from a law school after leaving the K. H. S. and step by step he had worked himself up to his present position. I inquired for our old friend, Levi Stibbe, and learned that he had for years studied voice culture under the best masters at home and abroad and at the present time was singing Grand Opera in a large opera house in Chicago.

Grace Gay, the youngest member of the class, had devoted her life to the study of music and was at that time giving piano lessons and teaching elocution in a university in Berlin.

Though impatient to set foot in my home town I was siezed with a sudden whim and decided to ride out to Malden on the C. R. & M.

Alighting from the train there on a bright, sunshiny morning, I was astonished at the appearance of the once shabby little town. New buildings had been erected, among which a prosperous looking High

School was prominent. The town had an energetic, hustling air about it, the children about the streets appeared clean and well-kept, a little park had been laid out and promised to become a beautiful spot.

I questioned the agent at the depot and found that the Guardian Angel of the town was Nora Denton. After leaving school she had set herself to the difficult task of reforming Malden and she had succeeded admirably. She had established the Y. W. C. A. and was the means of establishing the Y. M. C. A. associations there. She was training the literary taste of the people and had a public library well under way. And the many lessons of agriculture which she had absorbed under the careful guidance of our former Professor had not gone for naught. A number of the citizens were rapidly acquiring fortunes by the intense farming which they practiced in their back yards.

In thinking over the old classmates with whom I had so strangely been brought in contact during the last few days, I wondered if ever again we would all be together, if the various lives we were leading could ever be thrown aside for even so short a time as to allow us to be our old natural selves for a few hours—and I found myself longing to step into the shabby little office of the old K. H. S. and find there ten boys and girls ready to “pitch into me” for being late for class meeting.

GEORGE E. JONES, '11.

“CURLOLOGY.”

Such an artistic face,
Of lines “up to wisdom.”
All curls have their place,
Make young and old handsome.
Our Prof. has his share;
Each curl has its place,
As they cluster and fluster
’Round our noble man’s face.

His meaning is well,
He can’t help the crooks,
That adds to your pleasure
As you feast on his looks.
But the reason is plain,
How could he be surly
With such beautiful hair,
So soft and so curly.

CHAS. HANDLEY, '11.

HISTORY OF THE KOUTS HIGH SCHOOL.



AS MUCH as this is the first attempt in the history of the Kouts High School to put out an annual, we deemed it fitting to give as accurately as possible the past history, showing its growth from a two years' course to the highest rank of High School—that of a commissioned.

The first class to graduate from a two years' course completed their work in 1901. From 1902 until 1906 the course consisted of three years' satisfactory work.

In 1907 the term was lengthened to a four years' course, but the school was placed on the certified list. This year also saw the acquisition of two more teachers in the High School faculty, namely: principal, and music and drawing instructor.

This same year Mr. Wright began his career here among the Kouts people as superintendent of the school, being the successor of Professor Shull. Miss Viant also, who remained with us three years as instructor in music and drawing, her place this year being filled by Miss Felton.

Until 1907 there had been but one instructor in the High School, but this year as the school was growing so rapidly, a second was needed. The first principal was Miss Leech, the second Miss Atkins and the third Miss Tofte, who has remained with us two years.

In the spring of 1910 the school received its commission, of which it may justly be proud. Thus the class of 1910 consisting of but two members, Clara Young and Arthur LaCount, were the first to receive their diplomas from a commissioned school. The class of 1911 is the largest in the history of the school and of course we are proud to be members of this class, yet in our fullness of heart we sincerely hope for the growth and the advancement of dear old K. H. S. as long as time endures.

ARTHUR ANDERSON, '11.





LEBEWOHL!

To German now we say good-bye,
It grieves me so I cannot speak,
So now you know why I do cry,
It makes me sad—week after week.

We never used to frown nor pine.
Nor failed our duties to perform,
When long lessons had been signed,
Which came at night—sometimes at morn.

We now have conquered with success,
As the year draws to its close,
This work we ne'er tried to repress,
Oft though it worried our repose.

Through many an hour by slow degrees,
And straining toward our final goal,
We finally proved our pedigrees,
Which rests so much upon our roll.

LUCIE LEE BIGGART '11.

HISTORY OF THE LECTURE COURSE.



FIVE years ago some of the most enthusiastic ladies of the Presbyterian church started a lecture course in Kouts. It proved a success and many became interested in it. However, after having had charge of it for two years they gave it up and our ambitious Professor took it into his hands in order to "let the good work go on." We had five numbers, including the home talent play. At this time Byron King and others aroused the interest of the people. The home talent play, "Jumbo Jum," showed some of the great talent of K. H. S. Entertainment from each of the grades was given at this time, which all appreciated very much. Many tickets were sold this year, but mostly by the teachers.

The next year the pupils showed their interest by the selling of tickets. The teachers gave prizes to the pupils who sold the most tickets, the fortunate ones being Lucie Biggart, Fannie Hannon and Clara Young. They each received a book. The last number of the course that year was given exclusively by the High School, two plays being presented, "Wide Enough for Two," and "Sarah's Young Man."

By the present year, 1911, it has proven very successful. The School as well as the town and the surrounding country has shown their interest by the great number of tickets sold. The selling of tickets was solely in the hands of the High School. Professor and Miss Tofte promised the class that sold the largest number of tickets a banquet. The pupils all worked hard, but the energetic Seniors won. The Sophomore class came second in the race. The pupil who sold the most tickets was Lenora Kosanke, a Sophomore, for which she received a book as a present.

The program of the Lecture Course this year is: 1. The Gales. 2. Booth Lowery. 3. DeForest Leech. 4. Jubilee Singers. 5. The home talent number of the High School, the expectation being to give Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." At the present time we're looking forward with great expectancy to "Our Senior Banquet," which is to be given the latter part of the term.

NORA DENTON. '11.



JUNIOR HISTORY OF CLASS '11.



IN THE old K. H. S. days in a hamlet the home of the Juniors
Assembled early one morning a group of youths and of maid-
ens;

Filled were their faces with light and their minds were filled
with ambition,

Faith, ambition and hope were all within them contending.

Faith, in a small white roll, that was firmly clasped in their right hands;

Hope, that it soon should prove the Sesame to portals unknown,

Revealing unto their eyes the mystery and halo of High School;

Ambition, to rule the world by delving deep in the "isms."

Only a dozen there were who had weathered the gales of O'Keefedom,

Now to be guided on by the comely, the youthful Professor.

During the Freshman year there were three who fell by the wayside,

Mourned for by those who remained, for the name of classmate is sacred.

Often down through the hall could be heard the sound of orations,

Or the voice of debate as the Freshies waxed hot in contention.

Then in the Sophomore year, "the dark haired, the beautiful Bertha,"

Took the place of Miss Atkins and three now strayed from the class
room,

Leaving only one-half of all who gained the ranks of the Juniors,

With only one missed from the number who started out in the autumn.

Youngest of all is Dye, the admired reciter of history,

Forever found with a book instead of his pen and inkhorn.

Nor have the Muses forgotten the wonderful class of the Juniors,

For they have given to Hockett the envious gift of the reader;

And unto Raymond (the Mighty) the power of music and figures,

Power to be heard if not seen, which fills the class with amusement.

Lacks not the class for defense for they have the big gun, the "Cannon,"

Equally ready for strife in either the Deutsch or the English.

Only one more remains, the stately, the dignified Vera,

Known unto all her classmates as Vera, the awful, the "Kruell."

Brief their history has been and their days have been uneventful,

Save for one wayward step they took from the straight, narrow path-
way,

When together they glided and filled the hall with their music.

Thereupon spoke the Professor embarrassed and culling his phrases,

" 'Tis not good for students to dance," say the teachers,

"This I have said before and again and again I repeat it."

Nothing was heard in the room but the smothered sigh of the High School,

As they folded their hands and said, " 'Tis the sin and the swift retribution."

Next year we hope to be in the place of the illustrious Seniors,
Upon whom we look with great awe and admiration.

VERA KRUELL, '12.

FAMILIAR BOOKS.

"The Old Curiosity Shop,"	-	-	-	The Laboratory
"The Deserted Village,"	-	-	Baum's bridge in winter season	
"The Simple Life,"	-	-	-	That of a Junior
"The Lost Cause,"	-	-	-	Credit in Geometry
"A Time of Trouble,"	-	-	-	Examination days
"A Friend in Need,"	-	-	-	A Friend in Geometry class
"The Mountain of Fears,"	-	-	-	Our educational ascent
"To Have and to Hold,"	-	-	-	Our credits
"The Slavers,"	-	-	-	The teachers
"Sherlock Holmes' Detective Stories,"	-	-	-	

Prof. Wright looking for absent ones

GRACE GAY, '11.





Eunice Nichols	- - - -	1st Soprano
Fannie Hannon	- - - -	2nd Soprano
Lucie Biggart	- - - -	1st Alto
Marytha Jones	- - - -	2nd Alto



WHEN you behold this picture here, and try to make it out,
And wonder what, and who are they, and what they are about,
I 'spose you'll guess some wondrous things, I bet you will, no
doubt.

But say, don't they look lovely though, all standing in a row,
With that K. H. S. banner, that we admire so!

Yes, and they're just as jolly as they seem to be, I know.
Now if you want to be cheered up, or want some singin' done,
Apply to these here kiddos, and believe me, you'll have some fun,
For just the other mornin' up in the High School room,
These girls was goin' to sing for us; 'twas silent as a tomb!
Then such a tuneful harmony, such music as they sung!
It filled the air with symphony, and measured accents rung
About some little pickaninny, I tell you it was grand,
But I can't never sing like that, why it just beat the band.
Then that ain't all what they can do, you ought to hear 'em play,
Just make that ole pianner talk! an' I feel so young and gay
Whene'er they start to singin', and a-playin' as they do,
It most makes me feel like sayin: "I'm just awful fond of you."

LEVI E. STIBBE. '11.

HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.



IN THE autumn of 1909 twenty-seven boys and girls, Eva Noland, Mamie Wolbrandt, Lenora Kosanke, May Handley, Frank Welsh, Rachel Covert, Fred Welsh, Rosa Welsh, Lee Ryan, Ella Johnston, Martha Arnold, Harry Hayes, Anna Leser, Harry Kruell, Roxie Anderson, Ethel Baker, Raymond Benkie, Russell, LaCount, Leslie LaCount, Emil Hofferth, Oscar Maxwell, Wilbur Ely, Marie Ryan, Mabelle Paul, Frank Cincoski, Katherine Drazer and Pearle Trinkle, came from far and near to the K. H. S.

They were brought into the mysteries of botany and algebra by Mr. Wright, and into German and English by Miss Tofte. Notwithstanding all their hard work and studying, "examinations made them pale." How they trembled at the very mention of orations! They needed not have troubled their minds about them however, for Miss Tofte did not compel them to write any. Book reviews were written and handed in, sometimes on time and then again days afterward. Towards the latter part of May they had their final tests and school closed with most of the Freshmen looking forward to the day when they would again come to the familiar building in Kouts.

In the autumn of 1910 they returned as Sophomores instead of Freshmen. Some had left their ranks entirely to go to other callings, some had even gone to the western extremity of our beautiful country and during the year one launched her ship into the Sea of Matrimony. Though they were fewer in number they studied on with renewed energy and greater ambition. They continued their studies in German and English under Miss Tofte and dropped Botany and took up Ancient History and Algebra under Mr. Wright. Near the middle of the year they took their Algebra examinations, made their credits and began what they had been dreading for so long, Geometry. Under Mr. Wright's careful instruction they most all began it with eager expectations of what was to come next.

Much must now remain unwritten about this class, because the historian cannot foretell what is to happen. However, the members of the class have firmly resolved to stay with each other to form the most brilliant graduating class in 1913 that Kouts has ever beheld.

MABELLE PAUL, '13.

The K. H. S. Alumni

Mac Benkie	Teacher	Kouts, Ind.		
Glenn Cannon		Chicago, Ill.	Married	
Grace Jones	Teacher	Hebron, Ind.		
Kathryn Kring	Teacher	Kouts, Ind.		
Oscar E. Knolls	Pitcher	Denver, Col.		
Claire Hannon	Teacher	Kouts, Ind.		
Marie Beckwith	Teacher	Kouts, Ind.		
Louise Boedecker	Stenographer	Chicago, Ill.		
Loyd Cannon	Farmer	Kouts, Ind.		
Edith Anderson	Teacher	Valparaiso, Ind.		
Anna Propp		Los Angeles, Cal.	Married	Lavin
Pauline Kreeger	Teacher	LaCrosse, Ind.		
Nyle Pierce	Railway Mail Clerk	Kouts, Ind.		
Ethel Ailes		Lansing, Mich.	Married	
Florence Young	Teacher	Valparaiso, Ind.		
Janet Anderson	Teacher	Valparaiso, Ind.		
Wm Schwauke	Farmer	Kouts, Ind.		
Elisabeth Frye	Teacher	LaCrosse, Ind.		
Arthur LaCount	Farmer	Valparaiso, Ind.		
Clara Young		Valparaiso, Ind.		
Liga Cannon		Kouts, Ind.	Married	Laura Donley
K. Cunningham	Operator	Kouts, Ind.		
Fred Chael		Kouts, Ind.		
Grace Cannon	Teacher	Kouts, Ind.		
Jesse Betterton		Columbus, Nebr.		

HISTORY OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS.



NE calm autumnal day on the fifth of September, three maid-ens, Freya Snodgrass, Mabel Ogdon and myself, and five youths, Eugene Snodgrass, Harry Jones, John Radilyack, John Shutske and Lee Williamson, wended their way along the shady streets of Kouts to the secluded and most beautiful spot in the little town, the school grounds of K. H. S.

With awe and timidity they entered High School, where under the guidance of their Superintendent, Professor Wright, they were launched into the broad fields of Algebra, and learned "That History is a record of the progress of civilization," and under the direction of their principal, Miss B. Tofte, they struggled to learn the language of the people across the ocean and to become more efficient in their own native tongue, along with the latter the pleasure which every High School pupil experiences, that of writing book reviews, themes, essays, compositions, biographies, etc.

But they had not yet reached the first round of the ladder of High School when Freya and Mabel left their ranks. But they hope that those who remain may together reach the top round of the ladder, which is the present standing of the model Seniors of 1911.

CAROLINE TOFTE, '14.

TO THE JUNIORS.



ELC'OME then you are indeed
Juniors to take the lead.
Never mind how young or small
There is work for one and all.

It is not the work, but worry
That makes Senior life a dread;
Quizzes, exams and tests you must know
That almost upset your head.

You think without doubt you'll fail
Until for your grades you call.
'Tis not the work but the worry
That breaks the hearts of us all.

If you'll study hard and try
With neither a complaint nor sigh;
You may elevate your mind and then
You shall be what we have been.

MARYTHA JONES, '11.



THE CONTEST.

THE school year 1908-9 marked the revival of the spirit of oratory in this High School. With the talent in our school together with a teacher in English, with great merits in elocution and oratory, naturally arose a spirit, and an appreciation for the value of oratory on our following careers. The last half year oratory was well rooted in the school and it grew, ranked and flourished in a supreme air. The contest was delayed until other schools were prepared, but when we were led forth it was with much vigor. Fifteen entered the contest under the instruction of Mrs. McClure. In the first preliminary held at school eleven survived to enter it in the town hall. In this Otto Hofferth was declared as winner, but was closely followed by Byron Erwin, Levi Stibbe and Victor Arnold. The winner of the girls was Pauline Krueger, closely followed by Vera Kruell. Otto Hofferth was an orator. He had a lofty appearance, a beautiful voice and a magnetic power that carried conviction to the audience. When he arose on that stage in the College Auditorium of "Valpo" a feeling of pride, loyalty and enthusiasm rose in the breasts of a vast throng of Kouts students and citizens. He spoke in an easy, cool and forcible manner. After the introduction, came a rising inflection in his oratory, old, grey haired men back in the audience raised from their seats, leaned forward, with steadfast eye, with ears intent and quick short breaths until at last the seeming dream passed away. There was a pause, a silence, there could have been heard a pin drop,

then came the storm of cheers, class yells, bugles and flourishing of pennants. When our girl representative arose we were equally enthused by her graceful appearance, beautiful rhetoric and refined preparation. This resulted in a second prize which she more than deserved. It shall never be forgotten by the enthusiastic admirers of Otto Hofferth how the decision resulted. He with all the constituents of a genius in oratory and developed at this early age to a degree beyond all his comrades received third rank. May it always be remembered, and may we feel extolled that his admirers were not included in the vicinity of our school but in general throughout the county. A long line of distinguished men hailed him as a champion, in reality, if not in name. They did not conform their appreciation to the one of their community for the sake of loyalty, but instead enlogized an orator of another place for the sake of genius.

CHAS. W. HANDLEY, '11

GETTIN' IN CONDITION.



OUNG Bob, he was the funniest lad;
For catchin' fish he sure was great!
It never used to make him mad
When questioned 'bout his hook or bait.
Off to the river you'd see him glide.

A whistlin' soft an' walkin' wide.
He never cared on what condition,
Fish would bite, but kept on fishin'!

He took to readin' law at night,
And pretty soon the first we knew
He had a lawsuit, won his fight,
Refused the praise, him justly due.
He knew more law than Squire Rab,
An' tho' he had no gift of gab
He says he cannot help from wishin'
More of us would keep on fishin'.

Old Bob, he is a president now,
A man of a cheerful, hopeful kind;
To me the same old Bob somehow,
A keepin' at it with a steady grind.
It wasn't his pole nor bait I guess
That brought to him his big success;
When asked how he got in condition.
He just replied, "I kept on fishin'!"

OTTO A. HOFFERTH, '11.

ALPHABETICAL RHYME



is for Arthur, whose hair is so curly,
 He never is late when he gets to school early.
 B is for Bertha with graces untold,
 The Seniors agree she's worth her weight in gold.

C is for Charles, the witty and wise,
 He has never been equalled—Oh those beautiful eyes!
 D is for Denton, who learned to spell
 At a place called Tassinong near the C. C. and L.
 E is for Eunice, who likes to ditch school,
 And whenever she can to disobey rules.
 F is for Fannie, who has anburn hair,
 It's the envy of all, both the dark and the fair.
 G is for Grace—her surname is Gay,
 If she ever forgets us, may her hair turn gray.
 H is for Honor, which we hope to achieve,
 With the training we've had, we will—we believe.
 I is Indiana, the corn-flower state,
 In education she is right up to date.
 J is for Jones—George, you know
 His one great fault is in talking so slow.
 K is for Kouts, for a town of its size
 It turns out great students—both witty and wise.
 L is for Lucie, no words can describe
 "Bonny Blue Eyes" with her wit and her pride.
 M is for Marytha, who comes from the west,
 She never knows which of the boys she likes best.
 N is for Nemo, which is Latin for no one,
 To compete with our High School, you've got to "go some."
 O is for Otto, whom Uncle Sam called
 To weigh up the mail, although he's so small.
 P is Professor, our popular teacher,
 Who talks like a lawyer and looks like a preacher.
 Q is for questions which we Seniors all dread,
 If we fail in Exams we'd as soon be dead.
 R is for "rats" which none of us wear,
 But instead—a small bow on the back of our hair.
 S is for Stibbe, his hair all aflame,
 His head full of knowledge and Oh—what a brain!
 T is Trustee, so handsome and fat,
 Who brought home a bride to live in his flat.

U is for Utmost, which we've tried to obtain,
And hope knowledge sought, with us will remain.
V is for Victory, which we'll certainly win,
When we leave K. H. S. and Life's battles begin.
W is writing and I'm getting still worse,
As I vainly try to scribble this simple, little verse.
X is for Xmas, the time of the year,
When all of us Seniors will be of good cheer.
Y is for Youth, when we study our books,
Before we get old and lose our good looks.
Z is for Zenith, which we will all reach,
When we get our diplomas. Thus endeth my speech.

LUCIE LEE BIGGART, '11.

LACK OF CHEERFULNESS.



N YOUR present, look around you for time is in flight,
Let the cares that confront you go out of your sight;
Not alone have you lived in the darkest off shore,
Not alone are you able to bear cheers as of yore.

It's high time for your sowing for others to reap,
Not alone is your wealth as the dearest to keep;
And of tiresome long work you'll grow weary from decay,
With this bad misconception you'll throw life away.

If you'll keep from your forehead the wrinkles of care,
The gray threads will not hurry that make up your hair;
You must always find pleasure for your weary brain,
This alone will bring thoughts that will drive away pain.

Let a summer not pass when the grass is so green,
When the time brings a smile as the sun's rays bright gleam;
If a feeling at heart of the days that have flown,
Is a troublesome thing, let your childhood be shown.

Let a tear not be shed for the years that seem long,
Let your time be well spent with a lullaby song;
May your manhood's long years pass away as sweet dreams—
An expression of kind deeds, making life of dear scenes

OTTO A. HOFFERTH, '11.

CLASS WILL.

E, the Senior members of K. H. S., being of sound mind (?) and judgment (notwithstanding that we have received severe shocks—mentally, physically and otherwise—in the many varied phases of its meaning) do hereby make this our last will and testament.

First—We give and bequeath to our successors and others all our earthly possessions of our High School career respectively as enumerated below:

To the High School our “new” Physics Laboratory.

To Prof. E. E. Wright—our cheerful superintendent—our surplus knowledge of hairdressing. Our Physics Laboratory manuals containing the wonderful experiment on magnetism. Last, but not least, a safety razor.

To Miss Tofte: our English note books as a remembrance of her only Senior class. Also to have and to hold during her natural life our sincerest wishes for her happy future!!! Also an extra strong pencil for the purpose of quieting the assembly room.

To Miss Felton: the everlasting memory of our melodious voices and “to have and to hold” exhibitions of our artistic talents.

To Mr. Frye (janitor): A new bell for a fire alarm. A flying machine in which to sail upstairs in case of fire.

To our loved Juniors: The power to appreciate and conceive of the substance of the “Wright Lectures.” Our back seats (which they already have). The right to collect in the hall to chatter.

To the Sophomores: All our potential talent of Solid Geometry and the cute little “dingbobs” made for the purpose of explaining exercises, but came in handy for playthings. The right to indulge in feasts and entertainments during school hours.

To the Freshies an A B C book and most of our kinetic energy which is necessary to live through the four stormy years.

Signed and sealed by the Senior Class of 1911, and witnessed by us who have hereunto subscribed our names at their request.

LUCIE BIGGART, '11.

EUNICE NICHOLS, '11.

Rollies and Foibles

NAME	DISPOSITION	HOBBY	APPEARANCE	REDEEMING VIRTUE	WHAT THEY LIVED FOR	HOW THEY ENTERED ROOM	CONSEQUENCE
Charles Handley	Positive	Debating	Like a Lawyer	Studying	No contradiction	With slow gait	Cartoonist
Lucie Bispart	Happy	"Scrapping"	So-So	Puffs	Happiness	With confusion	A Nun
Arthur Anderson	Variable	Flirting	Like a preacher	His curly hair	The Girl	With vacant stare	Henpecked Hobby
Eunice Nichols	Amiable	Drawing	Serene	Neat note books	The Annual	Measured tread	Artist
George Jones	Sunny	Talking	Stunning	Waste of pencils	To-day	Shuffling his feet	Elephant Tamer
Orlo Hofferth	Determined	Looking wise	Brilliant	Amusing	Civil Service	In deep thought	Matrimonial Agt.
Grace Gray	Tender	Music	Dignified	Entertaining	An Education	With a smile	Clairvoyant
Fannie Hannon	Cheerful	Whispering	Self-satisfied	Hairdressing	Honor	Leisurely	"School Marm"
Lavi Stibbe	Resolute	Geometry	Majestic	Singing	Fame	Determined Air	Quack Doctor
Nora Denton	Pious	Red Hair	Stodious	Kind disposition	A Diploma	Briskly	An Actress
Marytha Jones	Jovial	"Hello Kiddo"	Graceful	Singing	The Quartette	Looking at clock	Prima Donna

CALENDAR

Senior Calendar '10-'11.

Sept. 10—Hard work commences.
 Sept. 15—Seniors haze the Freshies.
 Sept. 22—Miss Felton tests our vocal boxes.
 Sept. 25—Teachers present the iron-clad rules.
 Sept. 27—Eunice breaks her glasses.
 Oct. 4—Good time (?) begins.
 Oct. 12—Good time (?) increases.
 Oct. 24—Good time (?) increases still more.
 Oct. 31—Good time (?) ————ends!
 Nov. 2—Change of seats.
 Nov. 6—Good lessons from everybody.
 Nov. 10 Enlargement of Fannie's hair-dressing.
 Nov. 15—Organization of Senior Girls' Quartette.
 Nov. 23—Red tyrolean! Oh you kiddo!
 Nov. 28—Grace sent from History Class. Too much gossip.
 Dec. 6—Debate on Woman Suffrage.
 Dec. 14—Professor shaves. Not so cranky!
 Dec. 19—Marytha wears her ten-yard bow.
 Dec. 21—Grand March to Opera House. Merry Xmas! Vacation.
 Dec. 31—New Year's Eve. Glide on!
 Jan. 7—Charles has a hair-cut. More industrious!
 Jan. 10—Oh you Solid Geometry!
 Jan. 16—Otto swells out in a new suit. Whew! Too much!
 Jan. 23—Skiddo! Marytha and Lucie take the afternoon off.
 Jan. 25—Visited and entertained by the Gales.
 Jan. 30—Nora demonstrates a thrilling proposition in Geometry.
 Feb. 1—Wild debate in History.
 Feb. 9—Grace makes a hit with ——— a "toad."
 Feb. 11—Booth Lowrey's lecture.

Feb. 14—Valentine party. Who made a hit that night? Ahem!
 Feb. 15—Arthur just got back this morning. Late? Oh, no!
 Feb. 17—Oh you hobbles and evening bonnets!
 Feb. 20—Boller explodes. Four killed. No loss!
 Feb. 24—Miss Tofte late this morning. Wonder why. Who was out from Chicago??!!?
 March 2—Lucie Lee's birthday. Sweet sixteen (?)
 March 3—George burns his coat. How?
 March 7—Senior girls ditch History. They can afford to. Too much knowledge.
 March 14—Levi becomes electrified and produces a "spark."
 March 17—Seniors go to a play in Hebron. Think they didn't! Did Lucie go?
 March 21—Fire! Fire! Nobody hurt.
 March 24—Girls' Quartette entertains the H. S.
 March 29—"Lucie and Marytha, you may be excused—till noon and give the class a chance to catch up with you in their work."
 April 1—Birthday party. Whose? April Fool.
 April 3—Senior pictures taken. An awful shock to the camera!
 April 28—Lots and lots of excitement.
 May 5—Nothing doing.
 May 10—Marytha and Lucie wear flashy neck-ties. Look fine!
 May 19—Hard work ends.
 May 22—Class day.
 May 23—Senior play: "She Stoops To Conquer."
 May 24—Banquet to Seniors.
 May 25—Commencement.

MARYTHA R. JONES, '11.

LUCIE L. BIGGART, '11.

Past, Present and Future.

PAST		PRESENT		FUTURE	
Lucie Biggart	"Gliding Instructor"	A Magpie	A Nightingale		
Charles Handley	Magician	Assistant Prof.	Geometrical Proposition		
Nora Denton	Worker	Class Favorite	Winner		
Otto Hoferth	"Doc"	Deserter	Orator		
Grace Gay	"A Patrician"	"Tempest and Sunshine"	An Enigma		
Levi Stibbe	"Knocker"	Debater	Philosopher		
Fannie Hannon	"Hit Maker"	Warbler	"A Physicist;"		
George Jones	Speculator	Prophet	Jockey		
Eunice Nichols	Optimist	Secretary	Suffragette		
Arthur Anderson	Pessimist	"A Lochinvar"	A Romance		
Marytha Jones	Junior	Senior	"?"		
			Marytha Jones		



Miss Tofte on the Wright Hand

*Thou shalt not play false on exam.
 Thou shalt not whisper.
 Thou shalt not dance.
 Thou shalt not throw chalk without good intention.
 Thou shalt not spark in school.
 Thou shalt not profane any regulations.
 Thou shalt not throw ink.*

ODE TO REASON.



BECAUSE of youthful minds, our thoughts pierce not so deep
 Into the moral wrongs of social games;
 That we in life traverse a different path, indeed
 Our thoughts along those lines do not proclaim
 Us subject to contempt, as though in direful sin
 We had indulged. Yet it was wholly just
 That we should take reproof, but not have been
 As some small earthworm, trampled in the dust.

Sometimes we get confused, not seldom quite dismayed.
 To duty bound unable to perform!
 Our efforts in our work are firmly stayed
 As ships' advance is conquered by a storm.
 Then earth's a wilderness, so lonely and so drear,
 And clouds o'er all the landscape hang so dark,
 If such reproachful days exist from year to year
 We all should strive to seek a better part.

CLASS OF 1911.



Watch the Professor!

THE professor we had
Was certainly mad
When we whispered across
the room;
He sent us away
The forepart of the day,
And told us to stay until noon.

We left the school
For breaking the rule
But we failed to come back that day;
Did we have a good time?
Well I guess—just sublime!
And made up our minds to stay.

Common sense in an uncommon degree
Is what the world calls wisdom.

One kind of a fool is a man who tries
to prove that he isn't.

What sculpture is to a block of marble,
education is to a human soul.

Some men work harder trying to get
out of doing a thing than it would take
them to do it.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a
scoundrel.

It is better to provide fire escapes now
than to explain their absence later on.

It would not seem natural without a
weekly fire scare.

It's funny how much fun there isn't in
doing things we have to do.

Does Miss Tofte show much observa-
tion in conversation?

I don't know about the observation, but
she is generally observing something.

"See here!" exclaimed the professor
to Fannie, "you've spelled sugar
's-u-g-g-a-r.'"

Fannie looked at the professor and re-
plied: "How careless of me! I don't
see how I came to leave out the 'h.'"

"Talking about large vegetables, I
know a man in California that raised a
pumpkin so large that his two children
use a half each for a cradle."

"That's nothing; we have in Kouts as
many as three policemen sleeping on one
beat."

Marriage is an "institution" in which
blindness, insanity and intoxication are
all cured—while you wait.

We've made it a practice to put all
our worries down in the bottom of our
hearts, then set on the lids and smile.

If kisses were poisonous only a few
girls would live to graduate from K. H. S.

The professor who wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution for a laboratory experiment went to the drug store to purchase one. He asked what it would cost. The druggist replied: "If you want the empty bottle it will be five cents, but if you want anything in it you can have it for nothing."

"That's fair enough," said the professor, "put in a cork."

He was earnestly, but prosily orating at the audience. "I want land reform," he wound up, "I want housing reform, I want educational reform, I want—"

And said a bored voice in the audience: "Chloroform."

A contingent fee to a lawyer means this: "If I don't win your suit I get nothing. If I do win it you get nothing—see?"

The thing to do is hope, not mope;

The thing to do is work, not shirk.

Kindness is catching, and if you go around with a thoroughly developed case your neighbor will be sure to get it.

"I've found a good way to catch rabbits," said Doc (Otto) to Professor in class one day.

"Tell it to me," said the Professor.

"Crouch down behind a stone wall and make a noise like a turnip," said the youth with a chuckle.

"A better way than that," came the Professor's quick retort, "would be for you to go and sit in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural."

A wise old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard,
Why can't we be like that old bird?

Why do I send this "pome" to you?
Pray do not think me sassy,
But I'm collecting printed alips,
And I've heard that yours are classy.

"Do you think your son will forget all he learned at High School?" asked a friend.

"I hope so," replied the father. "I don't see how he can earn a living playing foot ball and basket ball."

At a teachers' conference one of the school principals rose to propose the toast: "Long live the teachers."

And a meager pallid assistant instructor in a hollow voice asked: "On what."

"I would like to have my hair cut, please," said Arthur as he threw himself into the chair.

"Any special way?" asked the barber.
"Yes," was the reply. "Off."

While your right hand is working Geometry propositions the boy next door is holding your left.

Seniors '11.

A Toast.

Here's to those who love us,
And here's to those that don't,
A smile for those who are willing to,
A tear for those who won't.

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned. Now what could they do?

Said the fly: "Let us flee!"

"Let us fly," said the flea—
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

Chas: Where are you going, Levi?

Levi: To have Dye give me a bushy hair cut. I'm going to have my picture taken.

Prof. (in Physical Geography): Nora, give a good definition of dust.

Nora: Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out.

Miss Tofte (in English): Charles, you may quote from Burns.

Charles (with flowing green tie):
"Oh, wad some power the gifle gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

Prof. (in History): What occurred in the year of 1793?

Lucie: War of 1812.

Prof.—Define a vacuum.

Geo.—I've got it in my head—but I can't explain it.

Miss Tofte (in English): George, give a biography of Franklin.

George: Franklin was born in Boston, Jan. 6, 1706. He was the son of a — candle-stick maker.

Eunice: "Haben sie ihre Deutsche Satze noch?"

George: "Oh nein, aber "ik" just bin a gittin dem."

Martha's quotation from Shakespeare: "Do not dull thy palm with entertainment Of each unhatched, new fledged comrade."

George quotes from Irving as follows: "And they were regarded by all the good housewives far and near as good thermometers."

A Theorem is a geometrical assumption for an analytical demonstration.

Levi E. Stibbe.

Did you find your Physical Geography, Grace?

No ma'am.

When did you have it last?

On examination day!

Flirting is a thing that begins in nothing. You say something, you talk like everything and you mean nothing, and it's liable to end up in anything.

Sadie's room, they took the lead,

Kate's, they followed closely.

But the H. S. did the deed

That caused the trouble mostly.

After the Seniors had been strictly ordered by the principal to get to work, one sat staring at her.

Principal: Levi Stibbe, what are you looking at me for?

Levi: Well, I've got to look at something.



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1820

1911

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1895	.	.	.	771
1900	.	.	.	1016
1905	.	.	.	1538
1910	.	.	.	2564

The following publications are issued periodically by Indiana University:

The University Catalogue,
The Spring Term Bulletin,
The Summer Term Bulletin,
The Bulletin of the School of Law,
The Bulletin of the School of Education,
The Bulletin of the School of Medicine,
The Bulletin of the Graduate School,
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WILLIAM L. BRYAN, President

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